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OLD COTTAGE IN THE TEUTOBERGER WALD, THURINGIA.—PAUL KOKEN.

"Thirty Years' War" it had more than its share of vicissitudes, being taken by the Swedes and Imperialists alternately, and eventually a considerable portion of it demolished. It was rebuilt again, however, the dividing line between the old and new parts being held well in memory, even if the eye could not always trace the difference. In fact, the holders gave the older portion the distinctive name of "Baracké," and it retained that appellation for a long period. In 1704, being then in possession of Count Hans Heinrich II., it had the honor of being made the depository of a valuable library, comprising not less than 40,000 volumes (very difficult of procurement, in that age, let it be remembered!), and of many valuable pictures, coins, and a collection of natural history. One of the charms of visit or residence at this fine old castle is found in the magnificent view afforded from the towers, in which is included the whole Hochwald, with the prospect extending away even to the tops of Reisingenberg range, in the Hartz Mountains of romance and diabolism, on the borders of Saxony.

TEUTOBERGER WALD COTTAGE.

Of very different character and appearance, is the peasant's-house in the Teutoberger Wald, from the facile pencil of the German artist, Paul Koken, and illustrating one of those scenes where, on the top of the Grotenburg (Great Hill), of which this picturesque cottage stands at the foot, the Kaiser, in August, 1875, inaugurated the statue of Herrmann, the legendary hero of Germany, amid great excitement on the part of the German people of all sections and classes. The whole of the scenery in the Teutoberger Wald (literally "German Hill Wood") has the reputation of being exceptionally interesting; but there can not well be any portion of it more worthy of the pencil of the artist illustrating it, than this charming old peasants'-house, with its wealth of shade and the cool flush of the quiet stream which creeps slowly away to its parent river of Teuton song and story.

MODERN TOODLES IN A CELLAR.

LIKE the illustrious Toodles, I have a mania for buying things cheap; and I have fallen a victim to as many "Titians," painted in the back slums of London, diamonds compounded in a charlatan's laboratory, and kindred brilliant purchases, as any other infatuated curiosity-hunter.

My wife has spent a good part of her life in tearful expostulation; has fainted at sight of my precious hideous idols; has groaned over the repairing of clothes "bought at a bargain," and consequently good for nothing; and I have really tried to curb my expenditures and mania, but they get ahead of me in spite of all effort.

One day I started through one of the narrow streets running into the Strand. I was in a desperate hurry; and I had almost gained the desired outlet, when I noticed the worn stone steps of a cellar piled high with picture frames and prints, leaving only just enough room for one to step carefully down into the dimly lighted interior. The temptation was irresistible; and with one despairing thought of my wife's waiting face, I plunged down and within.

At first, in the dim light I could make out nothing but innumerable shapes of wood, square, round and oval, with faint glimpses of cardinals and all such ghostly company inhabiting them. In the square opening under the sidewalk that gave light to this strange gathering, I discovered the only mortals who could or would have attempted the herculean task of keeping such a shop under the earth. They were boys of perhaps a dozen years each, ragged and dirty enough, but entirely lacking the idle, purposeless lounge of the pauper. They were seated side by side on an old box, with a wandering sunbeam striking the red hair of the younger boy, and displaying to advantage the freckles and squint of the elder one. They were rolling their hands together with an eagerness and seeming unction that looked bloodthirsty.

My mind reverted to all the tales I had heard of terrible machinations proper to the neighborhood, as I looked at the array of bottles around them, the battered tin cans, and, worst of all, the rusty scales in which they ever and anon placed the mysterious object of their manipulations. I began to think that it was imperative for me to join my wife without further delay. Just as I had made up my mind to beat a hasty retreat, one of them detected my presence.

"Putty off, old fellow!" he yelled to his comrade; and producing a piece of sand-paper, commenced cleaning his hands, his face, his clothes, giving every minute a helping dab to the smaller boy, who was struggling desperately with the sticky stuff. They danced like dervishes in their impatience; and their ludicrous movements, together with the queer place, the comical laboratory, and my own desire to get away, put all my ideas to rout. I had never been credited with much brains of a practical kind, and my few deserted me incontinently. I was completely at their mercy as they commenced a duet of prices, qualities, and the advantages to be gained by buying of them. They beguiled my unlucky tongue into all sorts of traps, and I was helpless. While one displayed their wares, the other wrapped in paper the articles that I unfortunately praised, heeding my remonstrances as little as they did the smears of grease they left on the goods.

When they had sold me about half their stock of rickety frames and mouldy pictures, they presented the bill, in pencil and well puttied. I settled it with a very bad grace, and loading myself wretchedly with my treasures, made my stumbling way toward the ill-fated steps and daylight. The oldest boy with one leap had gained the stairs, with another had reached me, and complacently remarking, "Here's a present for you," stuck a greasy mass into my outer coat-pocket, where my reproachful wife discovered it a fortnight later, and consigned it to oblivion with a sigh of sad impatience. —*Jerome Smilthers, Sr.*